Nay faith, no Truth it has, but is deceitful;
True Wit would teach Men Morals, but His chief
Delight is writing well for Mischief.
When Curly runs madding through a Town,
He's Mankind's Friend, that knocks them down.
If this Comparison seem odious,
Take then a milder, more commodious.

Have you ne'er seen a Monkey wild
Bounce through a Shop, with China fill'd,
Where scampering round, with frolick Airs,
Smash! down go Tea-pots, Cups, and Jars:
On *Indian* Screens, he grinning lays
His Tail, and Kings, and Queens bewrays;
In vain, with cracking Whip, you rout him,
Menac'd, he lays more wild about him.
In vain from Mischief you immure him,
A wholesome Cord can only cure him.

FINIS

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MUSEUM

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THE CREATION.

A

Pindaric Illuſtration

OF A

POEM,

Originally written by

MOSES,

On That SUBJECT.

WITH A

PREFACE to Mr. *POPE*,

CONCERNING

The Sublimity of the Ancient HEBREW POETRY, and a material and obvious Defect in the ENGLISH.

LONDON:
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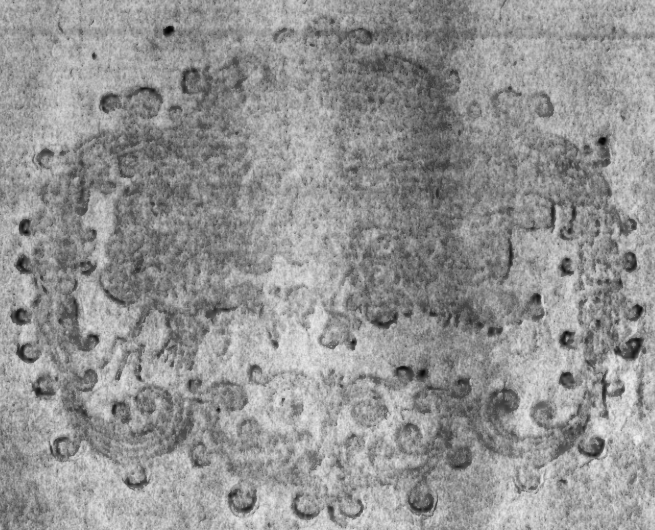

NOTES

ON THE SUBJECT

OF

PROMETHEUS

A

POEM

ENTITLED

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

A

VISION.

BY

PREFACE

TO

Mr. *POPE*.

SIR,

ABOUT two Years ago, upon a ſlight Miſapprehenſion of ſome Expreſſions of yours, which my Reſentment, or perhaps my Pride, interpreted to the Diſadvantage of a Poetical Trifle, I had then newly publiſh'd, I ſuffer'd myſelf to be unreaſonably tranſported, ſo far, as to inſcribe you an angry, and inconſiderate Preface; without previous Examination into the Juſtneſs of my Proceeding. I have lately had the Mortification to learn from your own Hand, that you were entirely guiltleſs of the Fact charg'd upon you; ſo that, in attempting to retaliate a ſuppos'd Injury, I have done a real Injuſtice.

The only Thing which an honeſt Man ought to be more aſham'd of than his Faults, is a Reluctance againſt confeſſing them. I have already acknowledg'd mine to yourſelf: But no publick Guilt is well aton'd, by a private Satisfaction; I therefore ſend you a Duplicate of my Letter, by way of the World, that all, who remember my Offence, may alſo witneſs my Repentance.

SIR,

I AM under the greateſt Confuſion I ever felt in my Life, to find by your Letter, that I have been guilty of a Crime, which I can never forgive Myſelf, were it for no other Reaſon, than that You have forgiven it. I might have learnt from your Writings the Extent of your Soul, and ſhou'd have concluded it impoſſible for the Author of thoſe elevated Sentiments, to ſink beneath them in his Practice.

You are generouſly moderate, when you mitigate my Guilt, and miſcall it a Credulity; 'twas a paſſionate, and moſt unjuſtifiable Levity, and muſt ſtill have remain'd unpardonable, whatever Truth might have been found in its miſtaken Occaſion.

What ſtings me moſt, in my Reflection on this Folly, is, that I know not how to atone it; I will endeavour it, however; being always aſham'd, when I have attempted to revenge an Injury, but never more proud, than when I have begg'd Pardon for an Error.

If you needed an Inducement to the ſtrengthening your Forgiveneſs, you might gather it from theſe two Conſiderations; Firſt, The Crime was almoſt a Sin againſt Conviction; for though not happy enough to know you perſonally, your Mind had been my intimate Acquaintance, and regarded with a kind of partial Tenderneſs, that made it little leſs than Miracle, that I attempted to offend you. A ſudden Warmth, to which, by Nature, I am much too liable, tranſported me to a Condition, I ſhall beſt deſcribe in Shakeſpear's Senſe, ſomewhere or other.

Blind in th' obſcuring Miſt of heedleſs Rage,
I've raſhly ſhot my Arrows o'er a Houſe,
And hurt my Brother.———

A Second Conſideration is, the Occaſion you have gather'd to puniſh my Injuſtice, with more than double Sharpneſs, by your Manner of receiving it. The Armour of your Mind is temper'd ſo divinely, that my mere Human Weapons have not only fail'd to pierce, but broke to pieces in rebounding. You meet Aſſaults, like ſome expert Arabian, who, declining any Uſe of his own Javelin, arreſts thoſe which come againſt him, in the Fierceneſs of their Motion, and overcomes his Enemies, by detaining their own Weapons. 'Tis a noble Triumph you now exerciſe, by the Superiority of your Nature; and while I ſee you looking down upon the Diſtance of my Frailty, I am forc'd to own a Glory, which I envy you; and am quite aſham'd of the poor Figure I am making, in the bottom of the Proſpect. I feel, I am ſure, Remorſe,

morſe, enough to ſatisfy you for the Wrong, but to expreſs *it, would, I think, exceed even* your own *Power.*

Yours, whoſe ſweet Songs can rival *Orpheus*'s Strain,
And force the wondring Woods to dance again,
Make moving Mountains hear your pow'rful Call,
And headlong Streams hang liſt'ning in their Fall.

No Words can be worthy to come after theſe; I will therefore haſten to tell you, that I am, and will ever be, with the greateſt Truth and Reſpect,

SIR,

Your Moſt Humble,

and Moſt Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

I have now attempted, as far as I am able, to throw off a Weight, which my Mind has been uneaſy under. I cannot ſay, in the City Phraſe, that I have *balanc'd the Account*, but you muſt admit of Compoſition, where full Payment is impoſſible. I ſhall be ſo far from regretting you the old Benefit of *Lex talionis*, that I forgive you heartily, beforehand, for any thing you may hereafter think fit to ſay, or do, to my Diſadvantage; nay, the Pleaſure I enjoy by reflecting on your good Nature, will degenerate to a *Pain*, if one Accident or other, in the Courſe of your Life, does not favour me with ſome Occaſion of advancing your Intereſt.

Having ſaid thus much to you, in your Quality of *a Good Man*, I will proceed to addreſs you, in your other Quality, of a *Great Poet*; in which Light I look up to you with extraordinary Comfort, as to a new Conſtellation breaking out upon our World, with equal Heat, and Brightneſs, and croſs-ſpangling, as it were, the whole Heaven of Wit with your milky way of Genius.

You cou'd never have been born at a Time, which more wanted the Influence of your Example: All the Fire you bring with you, and the Judgment you are acquiring, in the Courſe of your Journey, will be put to their full Streſs, to ſupport and rebuild the ſinking Honours of Poetry.

It

It was a Cuſtom, which prevail'd generally among the Ancients, to impute Celeſtial Deſcent to their Heroes; The Vanity, methinks, might have been pardonable, and rational, if apply'd to an Art; ſince Arts, when they are at once delightful and profitable, as you will certainly leave *Poetry*, have one real Mark of *Divinity*, they become, in ſome meaſure, *immortal*. And as the oldeſt, and, I think, the ſublimeſt Poem in the World, is of *Hebrew* Original, and was made immediately after paſſing the Red-Sea, at a Time, when the Author had neither Leiſure, nor Poſſibility, to invent a new Art: It muſt therefore be undeniable, either that the *Hebrews* brought Poetry out of *Egypt*, or that *Moſes* receiv'd it from God, by immediate *Inſpiration*. This laſt, being what a Poet ſhould be fondeſt of believing, I wou'd fain ſuppoſe it probable, that God, who was pleas'd to inſtruct *Moſes* with what Ceremony he wou'd be worſhip'd, taught him alſo a Mode of Thinking, and expreſſing Thought, unprophan'd by vulgar Uſe, and peculiar to that Worſhip. God then taught Poetry firſt to the *Hebrews*, and the *Hebrews* to Mankind in general.

But, however this may have been, there is, apparently, a divine Spirit, glowing forcibly in the *Hebrew* Poetry, a kind of terrible Simplicity! a magnificent Plainneſs! which is commonly loſt, in Paraphraſe, by our miſtaken Endeavours after heightening the Sentiments, by a figurative Expreſſion; This is very ill judg'd: The little Ornaments of Rhetorick might ſerve, fortunately enough, to ſwell out the Leanneſs of ſome *modern* Compoſitions; but to ſhadow over the Luſtre of a divine *Hebrew* Thought, by an Affectation of *enliv'ning* it, is to *paint* upon a *Diamond*, and call it an *Ornament*.

It is a ſurprizing Reflection, that theſe noble *Hebrew* Poets ſhou'd have written with ſuch admirable Vigour three Thouſand Years ago; and that, inſtead of improving, we ſhou'd affect to deſpiſe them; as if, to write *ſmoothly*, and without the Spirit of *Imagery*, were the true Art of Poetry, becauſe the only Art we practiſe. It puts me in Mind of the famous *Roman* Lady, who ſuppos'd, that Men had, *naturally*, ſtinking Breaths, becauſe ſhe had been us'd to it, in her Huſband.

The moſt obvious Defect in our Poetry, and I think the greateſt it is liable to, is, that we ſtudy *Form*, and neglect *Matter*. We are often very flowing, and under a full Sail of Words, while we leave our Senſe faſt aground, as too *weighty* to float on *Frothineſs*; We run on, upon falſe Scents, like a Spaniel, that ſtarts away at Random after a Stone, which is kept back in the Hand, though it ſeem'd to fly before him. To ſpeak with Freedom on this

Subject,

Subject, is a Taſk of more Danger than Honour; for few Minds have real Greatneſs enough to conſider a Detection of their Errors, as a Warning to their Conduct, and an Advantage to their Fame; But no diſcerning Judgment will conſider it as ill Nature, in one Writer, to mark the Faults of another. A general Practice of that Kind wou'd be the higheſt Service to Poetry. No Diſeaſe can be cur'd, till its Nature is examin'd; and the firſt likely Step towards correcting our Errors, is reſolving to learn impartially, that we have Errors to be corrected.

I will therefore, with much Freedom, but no manner of Malice, remark an Inſtance or two, from no mean Writers, to prove, that our Poetry has been degenerating apace into mere *Sound*, or *Harmony*; nor ought This to be conſider'd as an invidious Attempt, ſince whatever Pains we take, about poliſhing our *Numbers*, where we raiſe not our *Meaning*, are as impertinently beſtowed, as the Labour wou'd be, of ſetting a broken Leg after the Soul has left the Body. The Gunners have a Cuſtom, when a Ball is too little for the Bore of their Canon, to wrap *Towe* about it, till it fills the Mouth of the Piece; after which, it is diſcharg'd, with a Thunder, proportionable to the Size of the Gun; But its Execution at the Mark, will immediately diſcover, that the Noiſe of the Diſcharge was a great deal too big for the Diameter of the Bullet. It is juſt the ſame thing with an unſinewy Imagination, ſent abroad in ſounding Numbers; The Loftineſs of the Expreſſion will aſtoniſh ſhallow Readers into a temporary Admiration, and ſupport it, for a while; but the Bounce, however loud, goes no farther than the *Ear*; The *Heart* remains unreach'd by the Languor of the Sentiment.

Poetry, the moſt elevated Exertion of human Wit, is no more than a weak and contemptible Amuſement, wanting Energy of Thought, or Propriety of Expreſſion. Yet we may run into Error, by an injudicious Affectation of attaining Perfection, as Men, who are gazing upward, when they ſhou'd be looking to their Footſteps, ſtumble frequently againſt Poſts, while they have the Sun in Contemplation.

In attempting, for Example, to modernize ſo lofty an Ode as the 104th *Pſalm*, the Choice of Metaphors ſhou'd, methinks, have been conſidered, as one of the moſt remarkable Difficulties. There ſeems to have been a Neceſſity, that they ſhou'd be noble, as well as natural; and yet, if too much *rais'd*, they wou'd endanger an *Extinction* of the Charms, which they were deſign'd to *illuſtrate*. That powerful Imagination of *the Sea, climbing over the Mountains Tops, and ruſhing back, upon the Plains, at the Voice of God's Thunder*, ought certainly to have been expreſs'd with as much

much *Plainneſs* as poſſible: And, to demonſtrate how ill the contrary Meaſure has ſucceeded, one need only obſerve how it looks in Mr. *Trapp*'s Metaphorical Refinement.

" *The* Ebbing *Deluge did its* Troops *recal,*
" Drew off *its* Forces, *and diſclos'd the Ball,*
" *They, at th' Eternal's* Signal march'd *away.*

Who does not diſcern, in this Place, what an Injury is done to the original Image, by the military Metaphor? Recalling the *Troops* of a Deluge, *Drawing off* its *Forces*; and its *Marching* away, at a *Signal*, carry not only a viſible Impropriety of Thought, but are infinitely below the Majeſty of That God, who is ſo dreadfully repreſented thundering his Commands to the Ocean; They are directly the Reverſe of that terrible Confuſion, and overwhelming Uproar of Motion, which the Sea, in the Original, is ſuppos'd to fall into. The March of an Army is *pleaſing*, *orderly*, *ſlow*; The Inundation of a Sea, from the Tops of the Mountains, *frightful*, *wild* and *tumultuous*; Every Juſtneſs and Grace of the original Conception is deſtroyed by the Metaphor.

In the ſame *Pſalm*, the *Hebrew* Poet deſcribing God, ſays, ---*He maketh the Clouds his Chariots, and walketh on the Wings of the Wind.* Making the *Clouds* his *Chariots*, is a ſtrong and lively Thought; But That of *walking on the Wings of the Wind*, is a Sublimity, that *frightens, aſtoniſhes, and ravuiſhes* the Mind of a Reader, who conceives it, as he ſhou'd do. The Judgment of the Poet in this Place, is diſcernable in three different Particulars; The Thought is in itſelf highly noble, and elevated; To move at all upon the Wind, carries with it an Image of much Majeſty and Terror; But this natural Grandeur he firſt encreas'd by the Word *Wings*, which repreſents the Motion, as not only on the *Winds*, but on the Winds in their utmoſt *Violence*, and *Rapidity* of *Agitation*. But then at laſt, comes that finiſhing Sublimity, which attends the Word *walks!* The Poet is not ſatiſfied to repreſent God, as *riding* on the Winds; nor even as riding on them in a *Tempeſt*; He therefore tells us, that He *walks* on their *Wings*; that ſo our Idea might be heighten'd to the utmoſt, by reflecting on this *calm*, and *eaſy* Motion of the Deity, upon a Violence, ſo *rapid*, ſo *furious*, and *ungovernable*, to our human Conception. Yet as nothing can be more *ſublime*, ſo nothing can be more *ſimple*, and plain, than this noble Imagination. But Mr. *Trapp*, not contented to *expreſs*, attempts unhappily to *adorn* this inimitable Beauty, in the following Manner.

" *Who, borne in Triumph o'er the Heavenly* Plains,
" Rides *on the* Clouds, *and holds a Storm in* Reins,
" Flies *on the* Wings *of the ſonorous* Wind, &c.

Here his imperfect, and diminiſhing Metaphor, of the *Reins*, has quite ruin'd the Image; What rational, much leſs noble Idea, can any Man conceive of a Wind in a Bridle? The unlucky Word *Plains* too, is a downright Contradiction to the Meaning of the Paſſage. What wider Difference in Nature, than between driving a Chariot over a Plain, and moving enthron'd, amidſt That rolling, and terrible Perplexity of Motions, which we figure to our Imagination, from a *Chariot* of *Clouds*? But the miſtaken Embelliſhment of the Word *flies*, in the laſt Verſe, is an Error almoſt unpardonable; Inſtead of improving the Conception, it has made it trifling, and contemptible, and utterly deſtroy'd the very Soul of its Energy! *flies* on the Wind! What an Image is That, to expreſs the Majeſty of God? To *walk* on the Wind is aſtoniſhing, and horrible; But to *fly* on the Wind, is the Employment of a *Bat*, of an *Owl*, of a *Feather*! Mr. *Trapp* is, I believe, a Gentleman of ſo much Candour, and ſo true a Friend to the Intereſt of the Art he *profeſſes*, that there will be no Occaſion to aſk his Pardon, for dragging a Criminal Metaphor, or two, out of the Immunity of his Protection.

Mr. *Philips* has lately been told in Print, by one of our beſt Criticks, that he has excell'd all the Ancients, in his Paſtoral Writings; He will, therefore, be apt to wonder, that I take the Liberty to ſay, in downright Reſpect to Truth, and the Juſtice due to Poetry, that I have not only ſeen modern Paſtorals, much better than *His*, but that his appear, to me, neither *natural*, nor *equal*. One might extend this Remark to the very Names of his Shepherds; *Lobbin*, *Hobbinol*, and *Cuddy* are nothing of a Piece, with *Lanquet*, *Mico*, and *Argol*; nor do his Perſonages agree better with themſelves, than their *Names* with one another. *Mico*, for Example, at the firſt Sight we have of him, is a very polite Speaker, and as metaphorical as Mr. *Trapp*.

" *This Place may ſeem for Shepherds Leiſure made,*
" *So* lovingly *theſe Elms* unite their Shade!
" *Th'* ambitious Woodbine! *how it* climbs, to breathe
" *Its* balmy Sweets *around, on all beneath!*

But, alas! this Fit of Eloquence, like moſt other Bleſſings, is of very ſhort Continuance; It holds him but juſt one Speech: In

the beginning of the next, he is as very a Ruſtick, as *Colin Clout*, and has forgot all his Breeding.

" *No Skill of Muſick can I, ſimple Swain,*
" *No fine Device,* thine Ear *to entertain;*
" *Albeit* ſome deal *I pipe,* rude *though it* be,
" *Sufficient to* divert *my* Sheep, *and* Me.

There is no Transformation in *Ovid* more ſudden, or ſurprizing; He has Reaſon indeed to ſay, that, when he *pipes ſome deal*, his *Sheep* are *diverted* with him. His *Readers*, I am afraid too, are as merry as his *Sheep*; If he was but as ſkilful in Change of *Tune*, as he is in Change of *Dialect*, commend me to him for a Muſician! The pied Piper, who drew all the Rats of a City out, after his Melody, came not near him for Variety.

If the late excellent Mr. *Addiſon*, whoſe Verſes abound in Graces, which can never be too much admir'd, ſhall be, often, found liable to an Overflow of his Meaning, by this Dropſical Wordineſs, which we ſo generally give into, it will ſerve at the ſame time, as a Comfort, and a Warning; and incline us to a ſevere Examination of our Writings, when we venture out upon a World, that will, one time or other, be ſure to cenſure us impartially; In That Gentleman's Works, whoever looks cloſe, will diſcover *Thorns* on every Branch of his *Roſes*; For Example, we all hear, with Delight, in his celebrated Letter from *Italy*, that, there,

——*The Muſe ſo* oft *her Harp has ſtrung,*
That not a Mountain rears its Head unſung.

But he adds, in the very next Line, that every ſhady *Thicket* too, grows renown'd in Verſe; now one can never help remembring, that *Thickets* are Births, as it were of Yeſterday; the mere *Infancy* of *Woods!* and that the *oldeſt Woods* in *Italy* may be growing on Foundations of ruin'd Cities, which flouriſh'd in the Times he there ſpeaks of; whence it muſt naturally be inferr'd, that to ſay, the *Italian Thickets* grow renown'd in *Roman Verſe*, though the *Mountains* really do ſo, is to make Uſe of *Words*, without Regard to their Meaning; A Lapſe of dangerous Conſequence, becauſe, when the Underſtanding is once ſhock'd, this moſt rapturous Elevation of the Mind (as when *cold* Water is thrown ſuddenly upon *boiling*) ſinks at once to chilling Flatneſs, and is conſidered as mere Gingle and childiſh Amuſement.

No Man, I believe, has read without Pleaſure, his fine and lively Deſcriptions of the *Nar*, *Clitumnus*, *Mincio*, and *Albula*, but the worſt of it is, he winds us ſo long, in and out, between theſe Rivers, that he loſes himſelf in their Mæanders, and brings us, at laſt, to a ſtrange Stream indeed, which is *immortaliz'd in Song*, and yet *loſt in Oblivion*.

" *I look for Streams*, immortaliz'd, *in Song*,
" *Which* loſt, *and* buried *in* Oblivion *lie*.

The *Thought*, in this Place, is very lively, and juſt, but quite obſcur'd by the Redundancy and Wantonneſs of the Expreſſion. Had he only ſaid *loſt*, and *buried*, it might have been urg'd, that the Rivers were dry'd up, and no longer to be found, in their old Channels. But, let them be loſt, as to *Exiſtence*, as certainly as he will, they can never be loſt in *Oblivion*, if they are *immortaliz'd* in Poetry. *Immortal* is a favourite Word in this Gentleman's Writings, and leads him, as moſt Favourites are apt to do, into very frequent Errors.

It is naturally unpleaſant, to be detain'd too long in the Mazineſs of one tedious Thought, expreſs'd many Ways ſucceſſively. When we read that the *Tiber is deſtitute of Strength*, what elſe can we conclude, but that its Stream is a weak one? But we are oblig'd to hear, alſo, that it *derives its Source from an unthrifty Urn*: Well, *now*, may we go on? No; its *Urn* is not only *unthrifty*, but its *Source* is *unfruitful*. By this time, one can ſcarce help enquiring, what *new Meaning* is convey'd to the Apprehenſion, by the Multiplication of the Phraſes? And not finding *any*, we have no Reflection to ſatisfy ourſelves with, but, that the *ſtrongeſt* Flow of Fancy, is moſt ſubject to *Whirlpools*.

It is from the ſame unweigh'd Redundancy, and Miſapplication of Words, that we ſo often find this excellent Writer falling into the *Anticlimax*. As where, for Example, he informs us of *Liberty*, that ſhe is a Goddeſs,

" Profuſe *of* Bliſs, *and* pregnant *with* Delight;
" *Eternal* Pleaſures, *in her Preſence reign*.

After *Profuſion* of *Bliſs*, that is to ſay, the heap'd Enjoyment of all Bleſſings to be wiſh'd for; how does it *cool* the Imagination, to read of being *pregnant* with *Delight*? Had ſhe been *brought to Bed of Delight*, it had been but a poor Delivery: For what imports *Delight*, in Compariſon with *Bliſs*? And how much leſs too is *pregnant* with *Delight*, than *Delight* in *Poſſeſſion*! But then

again, after both theſe, what cou'd the Author hope to teach us, by adding, that *Pleaſure reigns in her Preſence.* Can there be *Bliſs* without *Delight?* Was there ever *Delight* without *Pleaſure?* It ſhou'd gradually have aſcended thus, *Pleaſure*, *Delight*, *Bliſs*; But to turn it the direct contrary Way, *Bliſs*, *Delight*, *Pleaſure*, is ſetting a poor Meaning upon its Head, and the ſame thing as to ſay, Mr. *Addiſon* writ *incomparably*, *finely*, nay, and *tolerably*. A Praiſe, which, I dare ſay, he wou'd have given no Body Thanks for. One wou'd think there were a kind of Fatality in *Liberty*, ſince ſcarce any Body can meddle either with the Word or the Thing, but they turn all topſey turvey.

But I am ſliding inſenſibly into a Theme, that requires rather a Volume, than a Page or two; I haſten therefore to preſent you a Paraphraſe on the Six Days Work of the Creator, as deſcribed to us by *Moſes*, in the Firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, which, you know, was written, originally, in Verſe. It wou'd be difficult, I am ſure, to match the Greatneſs of that inſpired Author's Images, out of all the noble Writings, which have honour'd Antiquity; and whoſe moſt remarkable Excellencies have been found, in thoſe Parts of their Works, which they elevated, and made more ſolemn, by a Mixture of their *Religion*. Our Poetry, in ſo able a Hand as *Yours*, might receive heavenly Advantages, from a Practice of like Nature. But I am of Opinion, that no *Engliſh* Verſe, except that, which we, I think a little improperly, call *Pindaric*, can allow the neceſſary Scope, to ſo maſterleſs a Subject, as the *Creation*, of all others the moſt copious, and illuſtrious; and which ought to be touch'd with moſt Diſcretion, and Choice of Circumſtance.

Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Cowley*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, and now, lately, a young Gentleman, of a very lively Genius, have ſeverally tried their Strength in this celeſtial Bow; Sir *Richard* may be ſaid indeed to have ſhot *fartheſt*, but too often beſide the Mark; He will permit me the Liberty of owning my Opinion, that he is too minute, and particular, and rather labours to oppreſs us with every Image he cou'd raiſe, than to refreſh and enliven us, with the nobleſt, and moſt differing. He is alſo too unmindful of the Dignity of his Subject, and diminiſhes it by mean, and contemptible Metaphors. Speaking of the Skies, he ſays they were

Spun *thin*, *and* wove, *on Nature's fineſt* Loom.

Longinus is very angry with *Timæus* for ſaying of *Alexander*, that he conquer'd all *Aſia*, in leſs Time than *Iſocrates* took to write his *Panegyric*, " Becauſe, ſays the *Critick*, it is a pitiful

" Compa-

"Compariſon of *Alexander the Great* with a Schoolmaſter." What then wou'd he have ſaid of Sir *Richard*'s Metaphorical Compariſon of the CREATOR *Himſelf*, to a *Spinſter*, and a *Weaver*? The very *Beaſts* of Mr. *Milton*, who kept *Moſes* in his Eye, carry infinitely more Majeſty, than the Skies of Sir *Richard*.

The graſſy Clods *now* calv'd; *and half appear'd*
The tawny Lyon, *pawing to get* free
His hinder Parts; *then* ſprings, *as broke from Bonds*,
And, rampant, *ſhakes* aloft, *his brinded Main!*
The heaving Leopard, *riſing, like the* Mole,
In Heaps the crumbling Earth *about him* threw!

Theſe animated Images, or pictured Meanings of Poetry, are the forcible Inſpirers, which enflame a Reader's Will, and bind down his Attention. They ariſe from *living Words*, as *Ariſtotle* calls them; that is, from Words ſo finely choſen, and ſo juſtly ranged, that they call up before a Reader the Spirit of their Senſe, in that very Form, and Action, it impreſſed upon the Writer. But when the Idea, which a Poet ſtrives to raiſe, is in itſelf magnificent and ſtriking, the Dawb of Metaphor, or any ſpumy Colourings of Rhetoric can but deaden, and efface it.

If Sir *Richard* had ſaid, concerning the Skies, on any other Subject but This, of the *Creation*, that they were *ſpun thin, and wove, on Nature's fineſt Loom*, the Thought had been ſo far from Impropriety, as to have been pleaſing, and praiſe-worthy; But when the Image he wou'd ſet before us, is the Maker of Heaven and Earth, in all the dreadful Majeſty of his Omnipotence, producing at a Word, the nobleſt Part of the Creation, and *ſpreading out the Heavens as a Curtain*; In this tremendous Exerciſe of his Divinity, to compare him to a *Weaver*, and his Expanſion of the Skies, to the low Mechaniſm of a *Loom*, is injudiciouſly to *diminiſh* an Idea, he pretends to *heighten* and *illuſtrate*.

I will end with a Word or two concerning the different Meaſure of the Verſe, in which the following Poem is written; and which is apt to diſguſt Readers, not well grounded in Poetry, becauſe it requires a fuller Degree of Attention than the Couplet, and, as Mr. *Cowley* has ſaid of it,

——*Will no* unſkilful Touch *endure*,
But flings Writer *and* Reader *too, that ſits not ſure.*

I have, in another Place, endeavoured by Arguments to demonſtrate the Preference of this Kind of Verſe to any other; I will

will here obſerve only, from my Experience of other Writers, that it wins, inſinuates, and grows inſenſibly upon the Reliſh of a Reader, till the little ſeeming Harſhneſs, which is ſuppoſed to be in it, ſoftens gradually away, and leaves a vigorous Impreſſion behind it, of mixed Majeſty and Sweetneſs.

A Man, who is juſt beginning to try his Ear in *Pindaric*, may be compared to a new *Scater*; He totters ſtrangely at firſt, and ſtaggers backward and forward; Every Stick, or frozen Stone in his Way, is a Rub that he falls at. But when many repeated Trials have embolden'd him to ſtrike out, and taught the true Poize of Motion, he throws forward his Body with a dextrous Velocity, and becoming raviſh'd with the maſterly Sweep of his Windings, knows no Pleaſure greater, than to feel himſelf fly through that well-meaſured Mazineſs, which he firſt attempted with Perplexity. But I will detain you no longer, and haſten now to the Poem, which has given me this pleaſing Opportunity of telling you how much I am,

SIR,

Your Moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

THE

II.

THE CREATION: A POEM.

I.

IN the *Beginning*, the Almighty God,
Sending out his loud Decree,
Begot *Exiſtence*, and bid Being *be*!
Creation, firſt-born Child of *unnam'd* Night!
Swell'd ſlowly upward, at His Pow'rful Beck;
Aloft, He wav'd His threat'ning Rod,
And, ſtrait, Reſiſtance fled the awful Check,
And trembled, downward, from his dreadful Nod!
Then, out of *Chaos*, ſtreak'd with ſudden Light,
Up roll'd the Face of *Form*, wrapt round with Night;
And, from th'encircling Clouds, march'd out, magnificent and bright.
Looſe Earth, at firſt, was rude, and ſhapeleſs made,
And cover'd thick, with *ſtill*, and *heavy* Shade:
For Darkneſs, brooding o'er the *Deep*, had Motion overlaid!
Out went the *Spirit*, o'er the lifeleſs Waſte,
And breath'd, in breezy Gales, God's High Command:
Let there be *Light*, ſaid he; and e'er the Word was paſt,
Pale, quivering, Beams ſhot thin, from every Hand,
And, gathering into Luſtre, *devious* flew,
Earneſt to *Act*, but ign'rant *what* to *Do*!

The Spirit ſwift collected all, and rang'd them, on one Side,
And drove the ſever'd *Darkneſs* on a Heap,
Curling black, with wheely Sweep,
In Piles, immenſely horrible, and ſteep;
Then, paſſing ſlow between, their Borders to divide!
Henceforth, Be this bright Fluid, *Day*, he cry'd,
And *Night*, This duſky Mount on my Left Side!
So ſaying, pleas'd with His own Work, He drew his Hand away,
And Morning, thus, and Evening join'd, made up the *firſt* Great *Day*.

II.

The Hand of God, again, was ſtretch'd o'er all;
Aſcend, he cry'd, Ye thin, and ſubtil Train,
That, *lighteſt*, in the *mingled Maſs*, remain!
The floty Atoms *ſtarted*, at His Call,
And haſted to Him, all,
Whoſe Voice was never heard, in vain!
High, from the groſſer Heap, they *ſteam'd* away;
A nimble Hoſt of *ſpringy* Bodies! curl'd,
In various Forms, and *ſtruggling*, ev'ry way,
To be at *Eaſe*, and fly, *unfurl'd*;
But each obſtructive to the other's Care,
Together twiſted, wide they ſpread, a liquid Field of *Air*.
Here, cry'd the Mighty *Former*, draw a Line,
All above *This* be *Mine!*
Heav'n ſhall be, *Here*; and Here, *My Throne* ſhall ſhine!
Hither, ye *thineſt*, *pureſt*, Atoms, riſe,
Poſſeſs, and fill my topmoſt Skies!
You, *ſecond* Ranks! Reſt, where you are,
And call your fluid Force, the *Atmoſphere!*
But You, *more heavy* Climbers! *backward* fall;
Keep *You* the humbleſt Poſt of all!
Condens'd to cloſer Subſtance, roll *below*,
And, murm'ring hoarſe, in *watry Vaſtneſs* flow!
All, widely differing, hear alike, and equally obey;
And ſo found End the *ſecond*, formful, Day.

III.

Let all theſe *Currents*, which divided run,
Unite, ſaid God, and gather into *One!*
At once, with hollow Roar, the back'ning Flood,
Unveil'd the reeking Earth, and ſhrunk away:
'Twas then, the *third* aſtoniſh'd Day,
Diſclos'd a ſwelling Globe of naked Mud:

A life-

A lifeleſs Bulk, which, all unactive, lay,
And ſaw the Channell'd Ocean round it play!
Warm breath'd prolific Spirits, o'er the Face
Of each, new, dreary, Space:
Th' impregnate Glebe, grown conſcious of Her Worth,
Conceiv'd at once, at once brought forth!
With min'ral Pangs Her ſtiff'ning Bowels groan,
Her *heaving* Mountains *harden* into Stone!
The muddy Surface brightens into *Green!*
Sturdy *Shrubs* are, this way, ſeen!
Stemleſs *Herbs* ſlope, there, between:
The op'ning Roſe, by Nature, gay,
Bluſhes, at the Kiſs of Day!
Pale, hard by, the *Lilly* blows,
Envious of the ruddy Roſe
And, pining at her ſicklier *White*
Hangs her Head, to ſhun the Sight!
Each verdant Vale embroider'd Beauty fills,
And ſhooting Foreſts crown the waving Hills:
Carpets of Graſs o'erſpread th' extended Plains,
And, here and there, for Ornament, an *uncloth'd Rock* remains.

IV.

Well pleas'd, the Maker ſaw His Work ſucceed:
'Tis wondrous *fair*, He ſaid! —— Theſe Charms *below*,
With *ſpeaking* Beauty, ſeem to plead,
That *Heav'n* ſhou'd pay them back *ſome Show!*
Then, *Let there be* Two Glorious *Lights!*
Let *One* inſpire the *Days*, and *One* adorn the *Nights!*
The Word was God's! 'Twas *ſaid*, and *done*;
Out *blaz'd*, at once, the *glowing Sun!*
All Heav'n, and Earth, ſtrait catch'd the quick'ning Fire,
And melted into warm, and new Deſire!
The Sea, enamour'd of His Beams,
Smil'd upward, from a thouſand Streams;
And, longing to approach Him *nigher*,
Diſſolv'd, in *Exhalations*, to *aſpire!*
Wide, this new Torch of Heav'n the World adorns;
The creſcent *Moon*, too, ſhew'd her ſilver Horns,
But with a faint and *paler* Luſtre ſhin'd;
For She, diſtaſtful, that She ow'd Her Light,
To a proud Rival's envied Sight,
At Her inferior Fate repin'd,
And, as *He roſe*, declin'd.

God ſaw her Grief, and, bent to eaſe her Pain,
And ornament her ſhadowy Reign,
Struck out a Myriad of illuſtrious *Sparks*,
The *Gems* of Heav'n, her *ſtarry* Marks!
And, e'er the baſhful Planet cou'd complain,
Bid her *light up* the Sun-left *World*, with her Night-twinkling Train.

V.

The *fifth* Day dawn'd: and thus, God's Voice was heard;
Why ſhou'd this World of Waters, *ſterile* flow?
By inborn Offspring, let her Waſtes be *chear'd*!
Bring forth, O *Sea!* and *fill* the Depths below!
Loud *Ocean*, huſh'd to *Stillneſs*, and afraid,
To let *one* creeping Wave the Shore invade;
Wonder'd, yet, to feel *within*,
A kind of moving War begin!
Fermenting Vigour *ſtir'd* the watry Heap;
Liquid *Life* began to *creep*,
And half-form'd Monſters *flounder'd* through the Deep.
Panting *Senſation*, by Degrees, ſpread wide;
Fiſhes, ſwift-ſhooting, from the Bottom glide,
To ſtem, in ſcaly Shoals, the topmoſt Tide:
The ſhell-dreſs'd Tribe, of Growth, and Motion, ſlow,
Crawl, humbly, on the Strands below.
Warm, and gay, the nimbler Kind,
Upward roll, the Top to find,
And, leaping, cool their Livers in the Wind.
In the Mid-way, the plunging *Whale* plays round,
Wanton in Life, he whirls, with antick Bounds, [Ground,
And, ſometimes, to the Surface mounts; and, ſometimes, ſweeps the
The boiling Deep about Him foams, and, with His Sport, relounds.
Thence too, the *feather'd* Nation, flutt'ring, riſe,
Clouds, of Sun-obſcuring Size!
And ev'ry Bird, as from the Wave he ſprings,
And tries his new-form'd Throat, and ſings,
Shakes the Moiſture from his Wings!
Then, drawn by *beck'ning* Inſtinct, upward flies,
And tow'rs, ambitious, to the tempting Skies.
Be fruitful *all*, God ſaid, and *multiply!*
And fill the *Seas*, and fill the *Sky!*
Throughout the *Ocean*, O ye *Fiſh*, abound!
And, Let your various Kinds, O *Fowl!* o'er all the *Earth* be found!

VII

Now *Air* was peopled, and the roomy *Seas!*
And neſting Inmates fill'd the branchy Trees!
Thou, *Earth!* ſaid God, ſhalt yet once more, conceive!
E'er our mighty Taſk we leave!
Earth, trembling from Her Center, heard the Sound,
And felt, through all Her Chaſms, inſpiring *Heat!*
Warm Germination *heav'd* th' *enliv'ning* Ground!
And, from the Foreſt's cloſe, and dark, Retreat,
Four-footed Legions, in long Sallies *bound!*
From the ſilent Mountain Cave,
Glaring round, the *Lyon* ſtalks!
And, wond'ring, frowns, majeſtically *grave*,
To meet the clumſy *Camel*, in his Walks!
The ſprightly *Horſe* neighs, from the rugged Hill,
And, ſhooting downward, thunders o'er the Plain!
Bounding along, ſtrikes out his Heels at Will;
Till, in his Way, encountring *there*,
Rais'd, on his hinder Paws, a grinning *Bear*,
Roughly fix'd, in ſtupid *Stare!*
Snorting, he *ſtarts*, and gallops back again!
From the moiſt Fen, th' unfiniſh'd *Frog*,
Croaks faintly, yet, but half way freed,
And, ſtruggling with his muddy *Clog*,
Drags out his limber Legs, and ſkips along the Mead!
From the Buſh, the ſhooting *Snake*,
With high-rais'd Head, aſtoniſh'd, glides:
Hiſſing, he curls along, from Brake to Brake,
Proud of the ſpeckly Folds, wherein he ſlides!
And ſwells, with ſtrange Delight, to view his Party-colour'd Sides.
From the tall Precipice, the bearded *Goat*,
Looks down with Gravity, on diſtant Flocks;
The *Wolf* diſcerns him, and with barking Throat,
Springs *upward* at him, and aſſaults the *Rocks*.
In every *Plain*, on every *Hill*,
The buſy World is *ſtirr'd* throughout;
And, *lab'ring*, with its Maker's Will,
In breathing Miſts, a *Swarm* of *Life* breaks out.

VII.

High, on a Mount of *Eden*'s happy Shore,
Thoughtful, at laſt, the Great *Creator* ſtood;
I find, ſaid He! There wants *one* Labour *more*,
And *then*, the Work is *Good!*
And, *Be it ſo!* e'er yet I give it o'er,
One ſhall be form'd, to *rule* the *Millions*, form'd *before!*
He ſaid, and wav'd, on high, His awful Hand;
Strait, from hot *Arabia*'s Sand,
And *Scythia*'s wild, and frozen Land,
A gath'ring *Whirlwind*, toward Him, blew,
Sweeping, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *Pole* to *Pole*,
Swifter than *Thought*, the circling Eddies roll,
And a long Train, of each Land's *Duſt*, in Clouds, together drew:
Th' approaching Atoms their *Creator* knew,
And felt His mighty *Meaning* too!
And, knitting into cloſe Embrace, a *Humane* Shape they grew,
God touch'd the light, and unconnected Frame,
And breath'd the Breath of Life throughout;
A ſudden *Flaſh* of *Spirit* through it ran;
At once, the dry Conjunction *catch'd* the Flame,
And *kindled* into *Man!*
Wild look'd the jointed Duſt about, and living Soul became!
He ſaw his *God*, and proſtrate fell, oppreſs'd with virtuous *Shame*.

VIII.

Hear me; Thou *Captain* of my *Creatures!* Thou,
Whoſe nobler Form, in *my own* Image, made!
Forbids Thee any where to bow,
But to *my Glory*, in Theſe Works diſplay'd!
I, Thy Great *Maker*, muſt be *well obey'd!*
All Elſe ſhall *Thy* Commands fulfil,
Only ſubject to *Thy Will!*
Look round theſe wide and fragrant Plains below!
Whate'er Thou *ſeeſt* is all *Thy Own!*
Yon diſtant Mountains, topt with Snow,
Bound an extenſive Reign, for Thee alone!
For Thee, theſe winding Rivers round thee flow,
Fill'd, within, by finny Shoals!
There's not a Bird of Heav'n, which ſhall not know,
And ſtoop at Thy Controls!
For Thee, yon Wind-ſhook Foreſts waving grow!

For

For Thee, thoſe diff'ring Shades of nameleſs Flow'rs,
Smile on thy World, and ſcent the breezy Show'rs,
Which give them Strength to riſe, and tuft the leafy Bowers.
Theſe Fruits of various Taſte, are alſo Thine;
See! how, from far yon rip'ning Cluſters ſhine!
The Loaded Stems, which bear them, bending ſtand,
And bow, at Diſtance, to invite Thy Hand!
But have a Care, O Son of Duſt! thus rais'd,
That I am duly prais'd.
Remember, grateful, by whoſe Power Thou *art!*
And, in the flowing *Fulneſs* of Thy *Joy*,
Be mindful, ---*He*, who *made* Thee, *can deſtroy*,
And *curb* the haughty *Swellings* of Thy *Heart!*

FINIS.

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And now, at Diſtance, to invite Thy Hand!
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Remember, grateful, by wh[illegible]ower Thou art!
And, in the flowing Pulſe of Thy Joy,
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FINIS.